

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Greeley's monument, in Greenwood, will be unveiled early in December.

—Mr. G. W. Jones, a deaf mute, recently enacted *Shylock* before an assemblage of deaf mutes at St. Ann's Church in New York.

—Mme. Essipoff, the Russian pianist, who has just reached New York, is 25 years of age, and described as pretty and petite. Her real name is Lechetsky.

—Mr. Emerson once said to the Rev. Dr. Wentworth: "I never regarded myself as a poet; I am read only by the patient sufferance of the public and the over-estimating kindness of friends."

—Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., who was the Adjutant-General of Gen. Robert E. Lee, has been appointed orator at the next annual reunion of the veterans of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia.

—Walt Whitman satisfies the 'important autograph-hunters' by informing them that his photograph, with signature attached, can be obtained on sending \$1 to the Matron of the Orphans' Home at Camden, N. J. The proceeds are entirely for the benefit of the orphans.

—Edwin Booth ended his engagement at the California Theater on October 28. He afterward acted four nights in Sacramento. His season of eight weeks in San Francisco was brilliantly successful and largely remunerative. The theater cleared upward of \$25,000, and the actor must have cleared much more.

—The death is announced at Lucca of Mr. Charles I. Hemans, a son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess. Mr. Hemans left England in early life, and after residing in various parts of the continent, finally settled in Italy, and latterly in Rome. It was here that his chief studies were made in history and archaeology.

—Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, Conn., the famous scholar in the Indian languages, has in press a volume on the old "Blue Laws" of Connecticut. There has been for a long time a dispute among Connecticut historians whether the "Blue Laws" were genuine statutes or were a mock code written as a satire on the manners and costumes of the people of that State.

—Timothy Dwight, father of President Dwight of Yale College, is 6 feet 4 inches high. His wife, who was the daughter of Jonathan Edwards, was so small that he sometimes carried her around on his open palm, held out at arm's length. On one occasion he seized a cart drawn by a yoke of oxen, and stopped it. He was one of the giants of those days.

Science and Industry.

—Drying eggs is a new industry in Passau, on the Danube.

—Large quantities of silver are being shipped from San Francisco to Hong Kong.

—It is said that a wire netting spread on the roof of a building is a better protection against lightning than upright rods.

—During September and October Norfolk received 148,913 bales of cotton, an increase of 48,906 over the corresponding months last year.

—A large New England establishment has just received a contract for the manufacture of 600,000 shoes for the Russian army. What with contracts for guns in the United States, knapsacks in Sweden, and other war materials in other places, the Czar makes things lively.

—A vessel sailed from Montreal the other day, laden with Canadian manufactures, mostly of wood and iron, and including furniture, farm implements, steam engines, and many other articles of utility, which have already found a market in Australia. The shipment is understood to be the pioneer of an extensive trade for which arrangements have already been made.

—The codfish caught off the shore of Newfoundland are split, washed, and laid on spruce boughs to dry. After the sun and air have bleached them white, they are assorted into "merchantable," for the best markets, "Madeira," for sale as second quality, and "dun," or broken fish, for home consumption. The fish exported to hot countries are packed by screw power in cases. Very large quantities are sent to countries as remote as Greece, Spain, and Portugal.

—An immense amount of the costly products of Asia now reach the United States and Europe via the Pacific railways.

—On the 13th, for instance, a Council Bluffs paper notes the passage of 17 cars of tea; on the next day it reports 49 cars of tea and two of silk, and so the daily record goes on! The trade of two hemispheres was turned from the route it had taken for centuries by the opening of the transcontinental railroad.

—A great number of processes for imitating butter have been patented, but the product was in most instances apt soon to get rancid, or too unlike the genuine article to sell readily. A new and better mode is said to have been devised. Fat is thoroughly pressed, forced through a fine sieve, melted, and allowed to settle. The clear oil is then drained off, cooled, and churned with sour milk, annatto, and bicarbonate of soda, thus acquiring a flavor and odor of butter. It is, lastly, worked and packed in the usual way. The substance really possesses all the qualities of butter, and is wholesome; but a drawback for the manufacturer is that it also costs about as much.

School and Church.

—The friends of the movement to have God recognized in the United States Constitution will hold a convention in Steubenville, O., Nov. 15.

—There are now 47 Young Women's Christian Associations in this country, which are formed on the plan of the Young Men's Christian Associations.

—The Presbyterian Church South

has over fifty missionaries (male and female) laboring in Italy, Greece, China, Brazil, the great Indian Territory and elsewhere.

—From the recent census of Chicago, taken by the Board of Education, it appears that there are 156 private schools in that city, with 27,637 pupils and 653 teachers.

—Father Dabury, a Methodist preacher at Richland, Mich., 85 years old, carries on a farm during the week and preaches on alternate Sundays at two churches 6 and 12 miles respectively from his home, riding to and from meeting, every Sunday.

—The First Baptist Church of Pittston, Pa., is so old that on the 21st of December it will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary. A grand reunion is announced, which, it is promised, will comprise all former pastors, officers and members.

—The Virginia Conference of the M. E. Church South unanimously approved the results of the meeting between the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church North and Episcopal Church South, held at Cape May last August, and say that they regard the action of the committee as an authoritative and final settlement of the question in issue, and binding upon all ministers and members of the two Churches.

—The old Baptist Theological Seminary at Greenville, S. C., has for a good many years had a tough time in maintaining its existence. It now sees a chance for life in moving to Louisville. An endowment fund of \$500,000 is to be raised for it, on condition that it will move. Of this amount \$300,000 is to come from the Baptists of Kentucky, \$200,000 of which has already been subscribed. The move is to be made as early as possible in 1878. Meantime the institution will slowly drag its way along at Greenville, in the accustomed style, longing for the day of its deliverance, and the entrance on its new life.

Haps and Mishaps.

—A barrel of vinegar fell upon John Shelton, at Janesville, Wis., crushing him to death instantly.

—Paul Jordan, aged 10 years, son of Julius S. Jordan, residing in the suburbs of Memphis, was killed while hunting, by the accidental discharge of his gun.

—J. D. Lawton, aged 20, an employee of the malt works at Fremont, Ohio, accidentally shot and killed himself with a revolver, while shooting rats in the basement of the factory.

—Mrs. Trimmell's terrible mode of suicide, in Sterling, Ky., was to saturate her clothing with kerosene and set fire to it. She was religiously insane, and believed that the flames would waft her to heaven without burning her.

—George Cockerill was crushed to death at Whitewater, Wis., by a piano falling upon him while he was loading it into a wagon. The horse started, throwing him down, and the piano struck him squarely in the face, breaking every bone in the lower part of it.

—In St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, Miss Lelia Armfield, daughter of Lieut.-Gov. Armfield, a young lady about 19 years of age, was accidentally shot by her brother. He was trying to extract a cartridge from a pistol, and the former exploded. The ball struck her in the forehead just above the left eye, entering the brain.

—Mrs. Fannie Miller, aged about 30 years, living 12 miles southwest of Iowa City, had been ill with consumption for many years. The other night she complained that she could not sleep, and told her little daughter, who was sleeping with her, that if she had her husband's razor to put under her pillow she could sleep. The razor was given her about 10 o'clock. The girl woke up during the night, and found she was wet with her mother's blood. Her mother had cut her throat and bled to death.

—A few days since, at Frederickburg, Iowa, John King and Andrew Goldsberry, two young lads, went to a blacksmith-shop to play. They found an old musket, which was taken by Andrew, while John took a crowbar, to have a sham fight. To make sure the gun was not loaded, several caps were snapped under the hammer, and as it did not discharge, they were satisfied it was safe. But, unfortunately, when their play began, at the first pull of the trigger the gun was discharged, and its contents entered the shoulder and lungs of John, killing him almost instantly.

Foreign Notes.

—A statue to Von Moltke has been erected in Parchim, Mecklenburg, his native place.

—It is now reported in a certain circle in England that Arthur Orton has been found alive in Australia, and that a survivor of the *Bella* has also been found. This may lead to more Tichborne litigation.

—Capt. Bedford Pim, M. P., told his constituents in England the other day that one sailor only in each of England's 25,000 vessels was an Englishman, and that the foreign crews in the next war would navigate the ships to their own ports.

—The Queen, during a recent Sunday drive near Balmoral Castle, saw some reapers at work—the weather had been wet for a long time previous—and "signified her opinion" that it was a work of necessity running counter to the sermons of the neighboring kirk, of which, by the way, she is the ecclesiastical head.

—The oldest member of the English royal family, the Princess Caroline, hereditary Princess of Denmark, completes, on Oct. 25, her eighty-third year. This venerable lady is the granddaughter of the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda, sister to George III., and married to the King of Denmark, Christian VII., but subsequently divorced. The Queen was exiled to the town of Celle, in Hanover, where she died very young.

—The military force of England, militia, yeomanry, and volunteers included, is reckoned at 470,766, of which 191,834 are regular troops. The navy numbers 65,000 men. Germany has 1,687,000 troops of all arms and classes, with a naval force of 13,000. The Austrian army, including all reserves, numbers 800,000 men, with about 14,500 in the navy. Italy had 750,000 men in the army, and 10,000 sailors; Greece,

40,000 land forces; Turkey can muster 310,000 fighting men; Roumania, 58,000, Servia, 117,000; and Montenegro, 23,000.

—The late visit of Sir Salar Jung, wealthy Hindoo Prince, to Europe cost over \$350,000, including the expenses of his suite of fifty-three persons. Much of the money was expended in presents. Every landlord and employee of a hotel received a rich gift, and all employees of railroad trains or steamboats were likewise favored. The captain of the steamer which brought the nabob from India received for his wife a costly dress and jewels which would have been worn with pride by an Oriental princess; the officers received rings and watches enriched with diamonds, and all the sailors, firemen, and cooks each a gold coin.

—A London correspondent who recently visited the Empress Eugenie describes her as the model of an elegant, well-dressed woman, and little more, her tall slip of a son standing by her side, looking, perhaps, more like her brother than her son, for misfortune and reveries have certainly not aged her handsome face. If I must state my impression, it must be that I was reminded of the consummate grace and studied perfections of some of the stars of the Theater Francaise, rather than any ideal picture of fallen greatness. Her life at Chiselhurst is quiet and simple. The Queen and the Princess of Wales pay her occasional visits, and French Imperialists when in London make pilgrimages with violets in their buttonholes to Chiselhurst, and the grave of Napoleon III.

Odd and Ends.

—The rabbit is timid, but no cook can make it quail.

—By the name of what flowering plant did Hero greet her lover when he first swam the Hellespont? "O! Leander."

—"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

—All hair-pins look alike to men, but let a wife go off on a visit and come home and find a hair-pin near the gate, and she can't wait a minute to grow red in the face.

—When a woman comes to the door and calls after her husband, "Hen-RE-E," finishing the last syllable in capital letters, you may know that she is not in a capital humor.

—A person by the name of Bruno Tzchuck is Secretary of State of Nevada. It is one of those names that encourages inebriety, as none of his friends can pronounce it correctly unless they are drunk.

—The Centennial hotel clerk—the same fellow who put you up in room 5,964 on that hot night in August, you know—is around now looking for a job, and will take almost any thing short of a red-hot stove or a billiard-table.

—How wonderful is the instinct of love, that even enables the enamored youth, from his remote eyrie in a third-story back window, to identify his enslaver's raiment lapping the free air of heaven on a neighboring clothes-line.

—The happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments; the saddest, when her husband comes home late at night, and yells to her from the front steps to throw him out some keyholes, assorted sizes.

—A sheep-herder near Marysville, Cal., has for some time past been depositing in the bank the sum of \$5.00 per month to the credit of his dog and mule, so that in case of his sudden death they would have something to live upon. The other day the dog died and left the mule full heir to the estate. The animal's relatives on the father's side now begin to prove up their consanguinity. —Hawkeye.

The Black Hills Miner.

Where can the miner of olden times have gone? I see no Starbottles nor John Oakhursts here. The miner of to-day is a bitter disappointment to Bret Harte's readers. Common matter-of-fact fellows; I grieve to say that even buckskin shirts, long hair and bowie-knives are falling into disuse. One sees no eight-foot neck-chains nestling against coarse woollen shirts, no three-ounce nugget breast-pins, no betting of oyster-cakes of gold on the sex of a horse three blocks off. It is true the miner of to-day loves whisky and cards and women; but, as compared with the forty-niner of California, or the fifty-niner of Colorado, he is a hollow mockery and a fraud. He is close and calculating, refuses to be swindled, and, as a rule, expects his money's worth when out for a lark. —Black Hills Letter.

How Colorado Girls are Named.

Twelve years ago a family moved from Illinois to this city. Soon after arriving here a daughter was born to the female head of the household, and being favorably impressed with the country and hopeful for the lookout, they named the youngster Great Prospects. Not long since another daughter was born, and a name was found in a singular manner. The names of Illinois and Colorado were reversed, and the little one is now doomed to go through the world as Sionilli Odaroloc. In the meantime, Great Prospects has grown to be of considerable size, and in this regard the family are probably realizing the faith implied by the naming. As yet, at least, there has appeared no cause for the reversal of the name, and she has only suffered by a diminution of her cognomen to the common word Specks. —Denver Tribune.

Fun Ended by a Fatal Bullet.

L. W. Neatherlin was going to his ranch on the Cibola in Atascosa County, and W. H. Slaughter and several others were in sight and began to play Indian, just for fun. He took them for Indians, and halted and tied his team, and taking ambuscade awaited the approach to within Spencer rifle range. The bravest warrior dashed ahead of his fellows, and Neatherlin drew a bead on him and shot him through. —Galveston News.

A COLORADO HORROR.

The Desperate Deed of a Mexican Assassin—Murdering a Man, Wife and Daughter in Cold Blood—A Ghastly Scene.

[From the Denver Tribune.]

Huerfano County has been the scene of a most brutal tragedy, which occurred last Wednesday evening, three miles from La Veta, in which John Brown, a ranchman, and his wife were murdered in cold blood, and a married daughter, Mrs. Rice, received injuries which will probably result fatally. An unknown Mexican was the perpetrator of the deed, and very little light has yet been thrown upon the affair.

A son of Mr. Brown makes a statement to the effect that he, in company with Mr. W. H. Gribble, were out hunting cattle, when on returning home they were warned of danger by the cries of his sister, Mrs. Rice. Mr. Gribble, who was in advance, rushed toward the house, and, when within thirty paces of it, discovered Mrs. Rice lying in the *acacia*. As Mr. Gribble rushed forward and raised the woman up, a Mexican near by jumped from his horse, saying in broken English, "Damn you, leave here," and fired two shots from his revolver, which, fortunately, took no effect. Proceeding toward Mrs. Rice, he administered two blows of his revolver on her head, and some kicks on her body. Her brother appearing upon the scene, and calling to Mr. Gribble to run to the house for the gun, caused the Mexican to mount his horse and ride off.

After removing his sister to the house, she, in her few moments of consciousness, testified to the following account of the terrible tragedy: She said that this Mexican, speaking broken English, requested to stay over night, and asked her father to go up and give his horse some hay. He immediately went with him to the corral, where he killed him, and returning, attacked her mother with the butt of his revolver, striking her to the floor, and hit her one blow on the head, after which she made her escape, followed by him, when, through faintness, she fell shrieking in the ditch, out of which Mr. Gribble was endeavoring to raise her, when the Mexican again struck her with his revolver, and she was insensible.

A correspondent of the Pueblo *Chief*, who visited the scene, reports it as most revolting. "On arriving at the log house of the victims," says he, "a scene of ghastly horror presented itself which beggars all description. On the floor lay the murdered remains of the aged woman, wife and mother, her gray hair matted and clotted with blood, and gore covering her face. Appearances indicated that she had been beaten to death with the butt end of a revolver, the several incisions in her head proving that fact. It was evident that the old lady was preparing supper when she was so brutally and savagely attacked, and her struggles were apparent from the blood-marks on the wall, and her fall toward the adobe fireplace, into which she, in her death struggle, fell with her hand, which is burned almost to a charred crisp.

"The next object which attracted attention was the daughter, Mrs. Venie Rice, who now lies in a very precarious condition. Dr. Washington, who had been summoned, was bathing her wounds and using every remedy in his power to relieve her sufferings. At 9 o'clock at night the body of Mr. Brown was taken from the corral and was placed alongside that of his wife. A heart-rending scene here took place, as the son gazed at the sight of his poor murdered old father, whose fractured skull had evidence of premeditated murder. The old gentleman is over sixty years of age, while his wife was about fifty-five. Their daughter, Mrs. Rice, whose life is despaired of, is twenty-five years of age, handsome in features and robust in form. Her husband is unfortunately in the San Juan country with a load of freight, and a baby of three or four months old is now dependent for sustenance on the goodness of her brother's wife."

The citizens of Huerfano County are greatly exercised over the occurrence, and declare that the three-fold murder shall be avenged. At last accounts the murderer had not been identified.

Improved Ventilating Arrangement.

The plan has recently been introduced, of securing ventilation by placing a strip of board three inches wide, and as long as the lower window-bar, under the lower sash, thus leaving an opening between the top of the lower sash and the bottom of the upper sash, through which fresh air may enter.

A modification of this method has, however, been proposed, briefly as follows:

Take two pieces of board a quarter-inch thick, one inch wide, and as long as the lower bar of the window; three narrow pieces half an inch thick and one and a half long, one end being cut with the bevel of the window-sill. Nail these pieces across one of the long slats, one at each end and one in the middle, placing the short side of each piece even with the lower edge of the slat; nail the other on the opposite side of these short pieces, bringing the upper edge of the slat even with the square end of the short pieces. This will make a compound bar with half an inch higher than the other when the whole is turned upon its edge. Now, place the whole under the lower window-sash, with the higher slat on the outside. The air can then pass under the outer slat, between the two slats, and enter the room over the top of the inside slat, having an upward motion, which will cause it to mingle rapidly with the warm air of the room, and thus prevent any sensible draught. By thus raising a lower sash, a space is left between the top of the lower sash and the bottom of the upper one, through which another thin layer of air may enter the room at some distance from the layer at the bottom of the window. The air must also enter with an upward current, causing it to speedily mix with the hot air in the upper portion of the room. This arrangement, if properly constructed and put in position, will prevent any and all sensible currents in the body of a room, except when strong winds prevail.

A Young Girl's First View of the World.

Tiring of the monotony of this view (writes a lady correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*), I addressed myself to the two lady passengers who were my companions in the sleeper. There were only five passengers in our car, and the lady nearest me was a teacher from Georgetown, Colorado, en route to the Centennial. She was going for rest, she said; she was so run down she could not sleep at night. She was of middle age, had a stern countenance, and had forgotten, if she ever knew how, to look pleasant. The other party was a slender, blue-eyed girl of 16. Her clothes were intelligently contrived, but her face was intelligent, and her voice low and sweet. There was a homesick look about her that I never like to see on any face, especially a young, fair one. I walked over to her and sat by her side, and found her very interesting. Would you believe, you young people, who, at 16, have exhausted the pleasure of travel, and find the world *bore*, that this young girl was now taking her first journey? She had never before been 50 miles from home, but the brave little thing had bid her father and mother good-bye at their rancho-house gate near Santa Fe, New Mexico, and had entered the stage and traveled alone six days and nights without resting, and at Denver was met by her father's friend, General Smith, under whose care she was now going to Ohio for a four-years' struggle with the home-sickness and strangeness of the world, and the tough school-books, in one of our colleges. Talk of heroines; I will venture not one of you traveled girls would undertake such a feat as that? Six days alone in a stage-coach. Your delicate nerves would be all unstrung, unless there happened to be a young gentleman with you. She was now taking her first railroad ride, yet she sat as composed and graceful as though it was her fiftieth. She told me her story in a frank, childlike way, but there was no *brusqueness* or awkwardness in her manner. "The cars look very like what I supposed them to be. Of course I have seen pictures of them, and father has explained to me every separate part of the engine, so I could tell you every section, and explain its use and connection with the whole, and it was the most exciting moment of my life when I saw the great steam monster come puffing up to me to-day!" What think you of this, young ladies? Could one of you tell any thing about an engine, often as you have seen them? I confess I could not, and I sat quite dumfounded by the side of this learned novice in the world. "I have had several governesses from the East, but they got married soon, each of them, so I was often without a teacher for a long time, and at last it was decided I should go East to school. I was feeling a little blue just now, when I got to thinking how far I was from home, and I do dread so the first day at school. I am so glad you came to talk with me. Can you tell me how to act when I get there, and what they will do first? At school, I mean." So I told her all my experiences of college life, and especially all the cheerful, funny things about a boarding-school, and, of course, she would find out her dual, her school-girl affinity, who would not have a thought that was not shared with her, and I asked her to write me how she got along, and describe her dearest friend to me when she met her, as she surely would. So she is going to write me for advice, and tell me all her experiences, and take me for a sort of worldly god-mother, to whom a letter will come much quicker than to Santa Fe, and I have taken to my heart a blue-eyed *protege*, who is as odd a bundle of humanity as I ever met. She says her father lives in an *adobe* house one story high, with a porch all around it. The floors are only mud, but they have velvet carpets laid over the hard dirt floors, and she has a very good piano, and plenty of books, and often girls came out from Santa Fe to spend weeks with her, and she has a black Mexican pony named Ogarta, and parrots and lots of strange pets. When we were crossing a river on a fine railroad bridge, the impulsive girl caught my hand, exclaiming: "There is a steamboat; the first one I ever saw." Sure enough, a small steamer was rounding a sand-bar, and bearing down upon us. She watched it as long as the smoke could be seen. So all along she was spying something new, asking me questions which often I could not answer, telling me things I did not know, and at one moment surprising me by her ignorance, and the next moment surprising me by her deep thought and knowledge of intricate science. A wonderful little woman she is, and twice as charming to me, as a rough diamond, than she will be when polished and smoothed by school training and put in the regulation gold-setting of society.

A King Who Has Never Been Crowned.

Though there have been no new accessions recently to European thrones, excepting in Turkey, there is likely to be a coronation on the Continent elsewhere than Constantinople. Though the King of Denmark, Christian IX., has been on the throne thirteen years he has never been crowned, the troubles prevailing between Germany and Denmark in 1863 making the times inauspicious for a costly ceremony. The country has prospered since and the cost can be better borne now. There is withal a feeling of political discontent, which the King hopes to allay by being formally invested with the rank he has worn so long. He is at the present time 59 years old. A curious fact in regard to the Danish Kings is that they must be known by the name of Frederick or that of Christian, and a Prince acceding to the throne, no matter what his baptismal name might be, would be obliged to take one of these names. Christian's predecessor was Frederick VII. —Boston Journal.

—John German, aged 22, living a few miles in the country, took lodging at the Commercial Hotel, in Grand Rapids, Mich., one night last week. Before retiring, he blew the gas out, and when discovered was in an unconscious state and never revived.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

An Unrivalled Illustrated Magazine.

When *Scribner* issued its famous Midsummer Holiday Number, in July, a friendly critic said of it: "We are not sure but that *Scribner* has touched high-water mark. We do not see what worlds are left to it to conquer." But the publishers do not consider that they have reached the *ultima thule* of excellence—they believe "there are other worlds to conquer, and they propose to conquer them."

The prospects for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

"FOREIGN TRAVEL," we have "A Winter on the Nile," by Gen. McClellan; "Sauterlings About Constantinople," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by Eugene Schuyler; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced:

"NICHOLAS MINTURN," BY DR. HOLLAND, THE EDITOR, whose story of "Sevenoaks" gave the highest satisfaction to the readers of the Monthly.

The scene of this latest novel is laid on the banks of the Hudson. The hero is a young man who has been always "tied to a woman's apron strings," but who, by the death of his mother, is left alone in the world,—to drift on the current of life, with a fortune, but without a purpose.

Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss Trafton, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. Mrs. Burnett's story, begun in August, has a pathetic and dramatic power which have been a surprise to the public.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. Herrick, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers on

"HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL." Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well-known specialists.

Mr. Barnard's articles on various industries of Great Britain include the history of "Some Experiments in Co-operation," "A Scottish Loom Factory" in the November number, and "Toad Lane, Rochdale," in December. Other papers are, "The British Workingman's Home," "A Nation of Shopkeepers," "Ha'penny a Week for the Child," etc.

A richly-illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of "HOUSEHOLD AND HOME DECORATION" will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. Welford. The pages of the magazine will be open, as heretofore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discussion of all themes affecting the social and religious life of the world, and especially to the freshest thought of the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

We mean to make the magazine sweeter and purer, higher and nobler, more genial and generous in all its utterances and influences, and a more welcome visitor than ever before in homes of refinement and culture.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

*Scribner* for December, now ready, and which contains the opening chapters of "Nicholas Minturn," will be read with eager curiosity and interest. Perhaps no more readable number of this magazine has yet been issued. The three numbers of *Scribner* for August, September and October, containing the opening chapters of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," will be given to every new subscriber (who requests it) and whose subscription begins with the present volume, i. e., with the November number.

Subscription price, \$4 a year—35 cents a number. Special terms on bound volumes. Subscribe with the nearest bookseller, or send a check or P. O. money order to

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

Senators and Nymphs.

Yesterday in the Art Gallery a gentleman looking at a picture hung high over the entrance read aloud the title, "Centaur Carrying off a Nymph." A lady who had just passed it turned hastily and looked again; then touched her companion and said in low tones:

"Oh, Mary Emma! that is a Senator carrying off a nymph!"

"Why, dear aunt! A Senator carrying off a nymph! Do they really do such things?" and she closed her eyes in horror.

"Hush sh-h! Oh, my dear, yes—often!"

"Well, but Aunt Dora, it can't be true; the nymphs, you know—why don't they make a fuss or something, aunt? I never could be carried off without—"

"No matter what you think, Mary Emma," said the aunt, shortly. "I was in Washington for two months once, and Malvinia Carson was there for half a year, and such things as I saw," shaking her head wisely. "You ought to hear Malvinia talk!" and she shuddered.

Mary Emma regarded the picture meditatively a few moments longer, then, "Aunt," she said, "aunt, dear, I think—do you know—I think I'd like to know a Senator."

"Oh! you dreadful girl! that I should live to hear you say such a thing as that! Have you forgotten your catechism, Mary Emma?"

"No, aunt; but I am perplexed, you know, and the nymph—does she forget her catechism, or is the Senator's memory poor? Carried right off; dear me, Aunt Dora, I don't understand it at all! Is it because the Senator is so very powerful and the nymph so very weak?"

"Mary Emma," solemnly, "it's both! Now be warned, rash girl!"

"Aunt," innocently, "did you ever know a Senator?"

"Dear me, Mary Emma, see how you have caught your